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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TWILIGHT ACCUSED & DEFENDED.

A MONSTROUS thing has happened. Here is a correspondent of ours, and a pleasant one too, and witty withal, aiming a blow at our gentle friend, *Twilight*! What possible mood could he have been in? Did he expect a friend who had disappointed him? or a new book? or a letter? Was his last bottle of wine out? Or did he want his tea? Or was he reading, and could not go on, the servant not being in the way to bring candles? Or was the evening rainy? Or had he said anything wrong to any one else, and so was out of temper? Or had he been reading something about twilight, badly written, a "twaddle," and so was disposed to go to an extreme the other way, and be perverse in his wit? His first verse looks like it. Or had he a tooth-ache? or a head-ache? or nothing to do? Or had his fire gone out?

We should almost as soon have expected a blow from him at gentleness itself, as at our gentle dusk friend, the mildest and most unassuming of the Hours, meek, yet genial withal, like some loving *Mestizo* or *Quadroon*, something between fair and dark, or dusk and dusker, who, by her sweet middle tone between merit and the want of pretension, and by having nothing to arrogate, and much to be prized, charms the amorous heart of some contemplative West Indian, who is tired out between the flare of his whiter favourites, and the undiscerning presumption of his black. Certain it is, that, vehemently howsoever he speaketh, we hold him not to be in earnest (the less so by reason of that enormity); but, in order to prevent the peril of any false conclusions, in minds accustomed not to such facetious perversity, and still more to take the opportunity of vindicating the character of our gentle friend, and make our correspondent remorseful the next time he sees her (for having even appeared to treat her ill), we have thought it incumbent upon us to follow up his hard words with others more fitly soft and overwhelmingly balmy. Oh, there is nothing like defending a good easy cause, and a tender-hearted client! It makes one, somehow, so sure of triumph, so able to trample on one's enemy with the softest foot and the most generous reputation—so gifted (dare we say it?) with the pleasures of malignity by the very exercise of benevolence. Mark you, dear reader, with what a tender savageness we will set him down. Yet he rails in good set terms. There is no denying that. Far be it from us to deny it, who shall only gain the greater praise from our refutation. Hear him how he sets out with the ingenious impudence of his pun and his alliteration—

A TRIMMING FOR TWILIGHT.

How I despise the twaddle about twilight,
That most unserviceable sort of sky-light;
Weak wavering gleam, that, wending on its way
Towards the night, still lingers with the day.

Twilight's a half-and-half affair, that would
With all its heart be moonlight if it could;
Dim, but not dark; you pause at the bell-handles,
'Tis scarce worth while to conquer it with candles.

Twilight is eve grown grey before its time,
Mystified mummer, ape-ing the sublime
Day with its eye half clos'd, and half a-peep;
The afternoon, making believe to sleep.

(From the *Seam-Press* of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pulteney-street.)

'Tis like that forming frown yet undefin'd
That you half-smiling female face has got,
As tho' it hadn't quite made up its mind
Whether it should look angrily or not.

Twilight's an interloper in the sky;
The face of nature painted with one eye:
Something between blank darkness and broad light,—
Like dotard day coquetting with young night.

A dame *passé*, who, growing old and wan,
Affects to veil the charms she feels are gone;
Knowing her day is o'er, the wily jade
Enwraps the ruin where the sunshine play'd.

Lovers love twilight, but I'm not a lover;
And why *they* love it I could ne'er discover;
For light is passion's parent: do ye deem
Beauty no debtor to the radiant beam
That lamps its loveliness; say, can we know
That beauty lives, and one bright glance forego?
Or is't a fancy of love's selfish art,
To close the eyes, and see but with the heart.

Haply 'tis so: in love's delirious trance,
The raptur'd soul grown jealous of the glance
That has a joy beyond it, dims the light
To lend to young imagination sight.

Fancy that peoples darkness with bright rays,
And makes a darkness that it thus may gaze;
How is't that *every* feeling, fond, intense,
Tempt us to lose awhile our visual sense?

Is it superfluous? We drink *love* thro' it;
'Tis then in us; we can no longer view it
By gazing outwards; now, a glance to win,
Our eyelids close, and turn their sense within.

This is digressive, but enough for me;
Lovers, in fact, are no authority;
So, as I said at first, old twaddling twilight,
Be still the lover's gleam, you sha'n't be *my* light.

Thou'rt day declared a bankrupt, offering round
A dividend of ten-pence in the pound:
Plague take such compositions; I'll for one
Have twenty-shillings' worth of light, or none.

Not day-break, but day *broken*, light fades fast;
Do as thou wilt, thou'rt sure to *fail* at last.
"Come, sealing night," before thee twilight flies,
Put out the mocker with your starry eyes.
Dusky-hued coward! hast begun the race,
Darest thou not look dame Dian in the face?

Now flickering fainter, now more darkly dull,
"I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain!"
Come, light the candles; struggle not,—'tis vain.

Is that thy shadow, lingering on the moor?
No matter; you shall never come in-door.
The stars come out at thee, pale day-diminisher;
Now the moon gleams at full,—ay, that's a finisher.

Beneath the hillock's shadow, cloak'd in grey,
Cautiously creep before the light away;
But when the morning moon grows sick and pale,
Then, stealthy stepper, come across the vale.

Child of the mist, isthmus 'twixt light and shade!
Shadow of chaos, from which earth was made!
Day, dying of decline! doubt-dreaming ray!
Thy presence saddens me—away—away!

W. L. R.

"Away—away!" Our correspondent must have been in a great hurry, to speak thus to the poor gentle twilight, which has not a word to say for itself, unless it be the muffin-bell, the next thing in humbleness of sound to the sheep-bell. We take him to be a prodigiously active and eager spirit, with an ultra flow of health and life, and never easy but when occupied, perhaps not then, unless the occupation perfectly suits him. But he has a soul withal; you may know it even by what is implied in his style of abuse; and therefore it is not the twilight he hates, but the absence of something which he wanted instead of it. Yes; assuredly he has been "snubbing" the poor *Quadroon*, like some lordly planter, because somebody else has not brought him his *sangaree*.

He lets—we cannot say the "cat out of the bag"—but the dove out of the cage—in what he says about lovers. He tells us he is "no lover," merely in order to avoid what he knows to be conclusive against him; and, in fact, he runs into a digression about love, on purpose to disprove his own argument. Besides, if he happens to be so limited or so unlucky in his circle of acquaintances as to be in love with nobody, he must love all sorts of loveable things, otherwise how could he write so well about loving? and if a man loves anything at all, he must needs love so mild and loving a thing as the twilight. (Here are a great many repetitions of the word "love;" but it is a pleasant note, and will bear reiteration like the nightingale's.)

Furthermore, in this passage of our correspondent's about love, compared with certain letters which he has written to us privately, urging us to give an article on "Coleridge," we have detected him in the fact of his disingenuousness; for this very passage has manifestly been suggested by some stanzas of that favourite of his, in the poem intitled the "Day-Dream." It is a lover's picture of twilight in a room, and is so beautiful and true, that it might serve, alone, as an answer to all the stanzas of this pretending rogue:—

My eyes make pictures when they are shut;
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow, and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O, Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bow'r, my beautiful green willow.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee;
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Very beautiful, and spiritual, and truly loving. But lovers, the most honourable and delicate, have a trick of taking other advantages of the good-natured twilight; and the poet goes on to let us know as much:—

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play.

Far be it from us to deny the merits of light and seeing. Beauty was surely meant to be seen as well as loved, or why is it so beautiful? But it is a maxim with us never to deny the merits of one good

thing because there is another; and twilight, where love is, has its loveliness also, as well as lamp and daylight. One of the greatest tests of true love is the sense of joy imparted by the mere presence of the beloved object, apart from light, speech, or anything else; and twilight, somehow, rewards us for the sincerity and generosity of this feeling, by bringing us nearer to the object of our affection, in its abolition of intermediate objects, and a general sense of its mild embracement.

Come—let us consider what our correspondent would say further in behalf of the twilight, if he were in the humour for it. We wish we had time to say it in verse; but here we heave a great sigh (one of the sighs of our life); and as we always feel ashamed of sighing in the midst of this beautiful creation (of which to be able to discern a millionth part of the beauties, is to waken up as many consolatory angels, who lie in wait to become visible to loving eyes) we shall proceed to express ourselves in our accustomed prose, from which, at all events, the love of what is poetical cannot be excluded.

Twilight is the time between light and darkness, when the facility afforded for action by the daylight is over, and the aid of candle-light, for the renewal of action, awaits our pleasure to renew it or not. It is therefore the precise time, of all others, which seems designed by nature for meditation. We say, by nature; for though we hold it to be man's nature to be artificial as well as natural, yet it is natural for him, being a thinking being, to "take pause;" and nature in this gentlest and most intermediate hour seems to offer it him. The greatest part of his duty is over (we hold, that in a more civilized state of society it will *all* be over, except for purposes of entertainment); he cannot see to work; he cannot see, very actively, to travel; his very book begins to fail him, unless he has determined to keep up the train of his reading, and goes nearer and nearer to the window, and at last he must give it up. He is therefore thrown upon his meditations.

Now "*think a little.*"

Not of your cares, dear reader, if you can help it; not of your work; not of other people's faults; not of your own. There is time enough to attend to those, when we have more light—unless indeed you do it in great charity, first towards the faults of others, and then towards yourself (having earned the right), and always provided you end, as indeed you must if true charity meditates with you, in resolutions befitting the mildness and considerateness of the hour. We would not even have you think of the sufferings of others, provided you think of them at any other time, and do what you can to help them. Twilight is a placid hour, and you must entertain it with placidity or not at all. You must have so acted, or so wished to act, at other times, as to be able to give gentle welcome to gentle guest. You must be *worthy* of the twilight.

(Here our correspondent gives a great wince; and begins to inquire of his conscience, whether he has ever cracked any one's skull, or written any impiety except the above.)

Now let us think of all mild and loving things,—of our childhood, of the fields, of our best friends, of twilight itself and its shadows, of the quiet of our fireside, and the fanciful things we see in the glowing coals, of the poets who have spoken of evening, of the beauty of stillness, of scenes of rural comfort, of the travels of the winds and clouds, of stories of good angels, nay, of dear friends whom we have lost, provided we have lost them long enough or loved them well enough to consider them with reference to the beauty of their own spirit, rather than to their absence from ourselves. Perhaps they are commissioned to be good angels over us:—perhaps they are now this minute in the room, smiling in the certainty of their own lovingness, and the knowledge of our future good; ay, and (as far as their sympathy with our present struggles will permit) smiling to think even how startled we should be to see them, if it were within heaven's knowledge of what is best for us that we should do so. For God is the author of mirth as well as seriousness, and considering what security

of belief in good there must be in celestial nature, we may conceive some little stooping to it even in the happiness of heavenly cheeks.

"Let us think" of that, and of all other possibilities beyond the regions of mere earthly utility, not excepting it nevertheless. It is the privilege of the imaginative, that they include everything which is good, besides seeing a germ of it at the core of the thorniest evil.

We put these words, "let us think," within marks of quotation for a reason very proper to mention in this place; for we scarcely ever begin meditating at twilight without calling them to mind as uttered to us by the beloved parent to whom we are indebted for most of our aspirations after anything useful or beautiful. She would say to us sometimes at this hour, when our spirits appeared to her to be a little too incessant, "Come—let us *think* a little." And then we used to sit down on a stool at her side, and look at the fire, and be led into a sedate mood by some story she would tell us of her own mother, or of the sea, or of some great and good people of old.

So now this is good hushing time, is it not, reader? and fit for keeping a little from the candles; and not what our ultra-lively friend (now growing remorseful) would make of it. You and we are sitting on each side of the fire-place, one of us with a knee between his hands, the other with a child between his knees, and there is a fair friend with us, and we are all as quiet as mice, our faces lit up by the fire, and our shadows shifting on the wall. When we speak, it is in a low voice; for twilight has this also in common with the sweetest of its friends:—

Its voice is ever soft, gentle and low,—
An excellent thing in "Twilight."

W. L. R. shall come in among us, if he is "very good."

W. L. R. You see before you, sir, a penitent.

Ed. I see before me a suspicious quoter of impudent plays.

W. L. R. I appeal to the lady's face, sir.

Ed. Oh, you're a very cunning appellant, sir, and the lady's face will get you a pardon for anything.—There—Don't tumble over the little boy. But with what face *you* can come in, after saying you are "no lover!"

W. L. R. Excuse me. Whatever I might have said before, real or pretended, and whatever new presumption I may be guilty of now, nobody can look on this lady's face, without—

Ed. Hush, hush, not so very loud and enthusiastic. (*All laugh.*) You see how little he was in earnest. The moment he hears of a comfortable party and a charming woman, he is for being in the midst of it, twilight and all.—Come, as we are Christian people, we will give him, by way of penance, what shall be no penance at all. He shall recite to us Coleridge's poem, intitled 'Frost at Midnight.' There is mention in it of a fireside and of the little fluttering film on the bars before us; and the spirit of the whole piece is suited to the occasion, quiet, reflective, and universal. The last line is the perfection of ideal sympathy.

W. L. R. (suppressing the vehemence of his enthusiasm in order to recite with a gentleness fitted to the lines, and gradually growing softer and more seasonable, till nothing can be better given)—

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side,
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form

Whose puny flaps and freaks, the idling spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come.
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams,
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book,
Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leap'd up,
For still I hop'd to see the stranger's face—
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike.

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought,—
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! for I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And nought—nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But *thou*, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach,
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare bough
Of mossy apple-tree, while the white thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops
fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

HINTS FOR TABLE TALK.

[No. II.]

'Tis night—all is silent—the dwellers in the habitations round are hushed in slumber, or else wooing sleep;—recumbent they ponder on the transactions of the past day, or take thought for those of the morrow. 'Tis October, and the winds sigh round the gable end of the house and o'er its roof;—the last of the flies buzzes drearily through the room. I am in my chamber—a garret,—according to Bacon, the best place for light and poetic study, and, therefore, authors should descend in proportion to the character of their studies, to the second floor, first floor, parlour, kitchen, cellar, and to the very vaults of Somerset House, for heavy, profound metaphysics; because in proportion as they are high in the air, their spirits and thoughts are exhilarating and ebullient, and the nearer they approach the centre of gravity, their minds are constrained into a deeper and more sombre train of thought. But sombre is not the character of writing at which I am at present engaged—neither do I claim the poetic strain—light writing for light reading is my present aim. Light,—said I? I faith my lamp burns dim, and must be trimmed. Lamp,—said I? No—'tis an unpoetic candle. I cannot, as is the manner of some, persuade myself into the belief that there is some of Shakespeare's fat, or Milton's marrow burning in it, to give light, or to shed a lustre on my poor lucubrations.—No—'Tis as genuine a mutton fat as ever burned in socket—some of it, mayhap, supplying combustion, for a second or third time, to illuminate the deeds of a mortal.

"Out, out, brief candle!" said the poet, to the last inch of life, flickering in the socket of time.
"Hide not thy light under a bushel," said a greater

than he—therefore, no doubt, was it, dear Journalist, that you have edified our minds and illuminated our imaginations with your weekly collection of *daily* literature. But I must trim my lamp, or, rather, snuff my candle, or, as the sailors say—"top the glim."—The superfluous carbon is now removed, and the flame, on whose nature there has been so many speculations, burns brighter, and entices me to write, while my couch—bed, I should say, but I am tainted with the affected phraseology of the present magazine age of literature—my bed looks tempting, and, with sheets turned down, woos me to its embrace. But I must seize the present opportunity—not "*carpe diem*," but "*carpe noctem*,"—the night is the time to study and to write, whether in a garret, or in a cellar. Day is too light, bright, and attractive to be able to withdraw your thoughts from it, and fix them on the paper. The subdued light of human invention is more congenial;—we gaze upon it, and behold the emblem of the soul—a spark of light chipped off from the great all-supplying luminary—and, as we know not the nature of flame, neither know we the nature of the soul. The day is too busy with the bustle and business of life, which, though we partake not of it ourselves, yet the noise from without distracts and withdraws the mind and prevents it from turning in upon itself. The dark stillness of night falls like dew upon the field of contemplation, and thoughts germinate and spring up under its influence. The light of the day is too dazzling,—and, "as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen," it is apt to dispel the visions, and, leave the "airy nothings" without "a habitation or a name."

It has been said that morning is the more favourable time for study, inasmuch as the mind is then refreshed with the night's repose, free from any incumbrances with which it might be loaded by past affairs, at the close of the day;—that it is then vigorous, like a bow that has remained for sometime unstrung—and, not being prepossessed by any particular subject, is more ductile, and may be led to the consideration of any required subject. To this I can only answer, from my own experience, that the mind, instead of being fresh and vigorous, upon awaking in the morning, is confused and bewildered with a mixture of dreams and recollections, which it is impossible for a time to dispel; the body, too, requires some time to resume its wonted elasticity; and there is too intimate a connection between the two, to allow of an exhilaration of the one and a depression of the other to exist together. In the morning, too, if it be summer, one would be tempted by the beauties of a sunrise to wander in the verdant fields, or stroll on the banks of a stream, and watch the ruddy luminary chase the dewy fogs from its surface, which fly at his approach, as a lover from the bosom of his mistress at the approach of a crabbed guardian, with face red with rage—(excuse the intrusion of the simile, it is an odd one, but, as it entered my brain, I allowed it to flow from the point of my pen, and I leave it with you, Mr. Editor, to erase it, should you think fit)—or if it be winter, it is not in human nature to brave sharp frost in a cold room. The imagination shivers as well as the body, and the thoughts freeze in abortive masses in the brain. Then, one says, he can do nothing until he gets his breakfast to warm him, and by that time the morning, properly speaking, is over, and the day arrives with its engrossing cares.

There is a peculiar advantage in the night over the morning as a time for literary composition, which is far from being unimportant; it is, that if one gets into a good train of ideas, he can keep from his bed as long as he pleases, and so take advantage of the felicitous moments; whereas, if one catches a good clue in the morning, before he has time to unravel it, or follow it to its source, some business interrupts,—breakfast is announced,—or some other fate clips the thread, and it is lost, perhaps, for ever. I know not whether D'Israeli has a chapter on this point or not, in his '*Curiosities of Literature*,' but I am convinced that by far the greater number of authors would be found to have composed at night, were the subject examined. Sir Walter Scott, certainly, was an exception to this, in my opinion, general fact.

It is as much from necessity as choice that I write at night. Business occupies the day with me, and at night I take up the pen with my mind charged with ideas, which have arisen from the observation of the day, and I either write till sleep overpowers me, or my light burns out. Thus am I brought to the lamp again—and drowsiness tempts me to extinguish the "flaming minister." This reminds me of the lamp in the title page of Richard Taylor's edition of the classics, with its motto "*Alere flammam*." I bought at a book-stall, some time since, one of these books which, as appeared, from the inscription on the title page, had once been the property of a Cantab. In it, the metaphoric emblem was altered from a hand pouring oil into the lamp, to a hand with an extinguisher about to put out the light; and to the hand was appended an arm, and to the arm a body very elegantly attired in a night-shirt—and a head covered with a night-cap—and a mouth most luxuriously stretched in a hearty yawn—the very *ultimatum* of the "*ore rotundo*." The motto was also very appropriately altered to "*extinguere flammam*." The limner has left us in the dark as to whether he intended the elegant figure as one drowsy after a night's revelry or a night's study;—there are neither books and paper, nor bottles and glasses—nothing to tell the tale—we must therefore give it in the subject's favour, and decide that he is fatigued with a night's intense study; and therefore I shall enlist him on my side as one who is of opinion that night is the best and most appropriate time for study. In the words of an old Scotch song—

To sit up a' nicht, I'd sooner agree
Than rise in the morning early.

Old books and book-stalls are fast going out of season; new and cheap editions of all the standard works, in cloth coats, are displacing their respectable forefathers of the leathern doublet. Instead of a dark row of dusky brown backs on the shelves of the shops, we see modern issues glittering in all the colours of the rainbow. The poor pennyless student can no longer resort to the book-stall to refer to a book which he cannot afford to buy. What a feast one might have gathered by dipping into a book or two at every stall in an hour's walk, a few years ago! The modern books will not bear such exposure to the weather, and the impenetrable glass excludes their contents from the gazer's view. He of the thread-bare coat is a character of the last century—or at all events of the last generation; we do not now see him hovering about the old book-shops and stalls, sipping learning from each, as a bee sips honey from every flower: no, the flowers are all covered in glass-cases now-a-days. We do not now see him haggling with the bookseller to get a worn-out copy of one of the Greek or Latin classics for a sixpence—mayhap the full extent of his exchequer—or searching for some odd volume to complete a set of the '*Spectator*,' '*Rollin's Ancient History*,' or some other favourite work. I speak feelingly upon this subject, as I have been quite a haunter of book-stalls from my boyhood upwards. I remember reading a whole book at one standing at a stall; I have a faint recollection of the contents—it was the history of some wild fellow who runs away from his apprenticeship—goes on board a ship, suffers shipwreck and much tossing about by land and by sea—gets rich in India, and comes home to relieve and enrich his parents and brothers and sisters, whom he finds about to be turned into the street by a cruel creditor—makes everybody about him happy—lives respected, and dies lamented. This is the only instance in which I recollect reading a whole work at one time at a book-stall. I always like to dip into the boxes of books ticketed "Sixpence each," or "Threepence each." I am always in expectation of picking up some rare '*Caxton*,' or invaluable '*Wynkyn de Worde*,' but the bibliopoles have always as yet been too knowing for me, except once, when I got a '*Breeches Bible*' (so called from *Genesis* iii, 7, where it is translated that our first parents sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*, instead of aprons) without any boards, for sixpence.

At another time, I bought a well-read copy of

Burns's Songs. It seemed to have been possessed by some admiring countryman of the Bard's, who had taken up his satirical strain, and in the blank-leaves penned the following address "TO THE READER:"

Afore ye tak in hand this beuk,
To these few lines jist gie a leuk:

Be sure that baith ye'r hands are clean,
Sic as are fitten to be seen,
Free fra a' dirt, an' black coal coom;
Fra ash-hole dust, an' chimley bloom;
O' creesh fra candle or fra lamp,
Upon it leave nae filthy stamp.
I'd rather gie a siller croon,
Than see a butter'd finger'd loon,
Wi' parritch, reemin fra his chaps,
Fast fa'in down in slav'rin draps
Upon the beuk. Hech! for each sowp,
I'd wish a nettle at his doup;
For every creeshie drap transparent,
I'd wish his neck wi' a sair hair in't:
Sic plague spots on ilk bonnie page,
Wad mak a sant e'en stamp wi' rage.
Reader, ye'll no tak amiss,
Sic an impertinence as this:
Ye'r no the ane that e'er wad do't—
An use a beuk like an old clot;
Ye wadna wi' ye'r fingers soil it—
Nor creesh, nor blot, nor rend, nor spoil it.

The possessor of this book cannot have belonged to the very best of Scottish society, as some of the cautions given in the effusion would have been unnecessary—mayhap some farm servant or weaver lad may have been its possessor;—we may imagine the hungry ploughman at his morning repast of "*Scotia's hamely fare*" in the lines

Wi' parritch, reemin fra his chaps,
Fast fa'in down in slav'rin draps
Upon the beuk.

I should prefer to have the preceding caution printed and pasted in the inside of all my books rather than the nanby-pamby verses beginning, '*This book belongs to —*,' which are sold for the purpose of cautioning the reader against soiling, dog's-eating, or lending again a borrowed book. What an elegant stanza that is, which the lower classes of the English write in their books—beginning,

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name;

and ending—

And God will ask in the last day,
Where is that book you took away?

The lower classes among the Scotch, too, have a rhyme somewhat similar, beginning—

O ye thief! how daur ye steal!

and so on.

I think I may claim congeniality with you, Mr Editor, in my love for old book-stalls, from what you lately let fall in the article "*'Tis But*." Many a sixpence, ay, and shilling too, have I spent, and eked to every one of them a "*'tis but*,"—yet I never regretted such expenditure. I must be excused if I behave as rudely as Mr Burchell, and to the bottom of all such ultra-economists' speculations write "*Fudge*."

BOOKWORM.

Table Hydrophobia.—Peirese, dining at London with several persons of literature, could not be exempted from drinking a health (proposed by Dr Thorius, a German) in a glass of frightful capaciousness. Peirese alleged freedom, civility, decency, health, and a thousand other reasons, but to no purpose; the glass must be drank off to that health; but, before he consented to it, he required a promise that this Bacchanalian doctor should also drink his toast; then having with much ado finished such a copious draught, he drank a health in the same glass filled with water. Thorius appeared quite thunderstruck, and, after many a heavy sigh, put the glass to his mouth, but quickly drew it back; and though he fortified himself with all the Greek and Latin apophthegms on thwarting the senses, he was an hour before he emptied his glass, to the great diversion of the company, and his own advantage; for afterwards he never broke in upon any one's temperance.

—It raises my spleen (says Madame de Sevigné) to hear an old creature say, "*I am too old to mend*." This would sound better in a young person: youth is so lovely, the body is then so perfect, that were the mind equally such, the passion would be too vehement which such an assemblage must excite; but, when the graces of youth begin to wither, then, surely it is high time to labour after the moral and intellectual qualities, and endeavour to compensate the loss of beauty by the acquirement of merit.

MADRIGAL.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MELLIN DE ST
GELAIS, AND ONE OF THE EPIGRAMS OF CLEMENT
MAROT.

FAIR, lovely, beautiful thou art
Whene'er thy smiles my passion bless;
But when thou lowerest on my heart,
Whene'er thy frowns my soul depress,
Thy beauty wanes, thy charms grow less.
Then ever smile upon my duty:
Not to reward its faithfulness,
But merely to preserve thy beauty.

T. E. I.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 19th to Tuesday the 25th
November.

ST CECILIA'S DAY.

SATURDAY next, the 22nd, is St Cecilia's day, an anniversary which survived the Roman Catholic ascendancy in this country till a late period, in consequence of the fair Saint's being the patroness of music. It is a pity her festival ever went out. Perhaps the new animation which has been given to the study of music by the works of Mozart and others, by the foundation of Academies, and the getting up of performances in Abbeys and Halls, will revive it; and musicians and poets too be inspired by a love of the art, as well as the recollections of the Drydens and Purcells, to give it welcome.

The following is Sir Walter Scott's account of the Saint, and of one of Dryden's odes in celebration of her, which we have transferred to our pages; for, though the production of an author so well-known, its fame has been obscured, even with persons otherwise not ignorant of him, by the lustre of the 'Alexander's Feast;' and in addition to what Sir Walter has said respecting the fineness of the first stanza, the second may be instanced as one equally fine, if not finer; certainly with less mixture of what is weak. The remainder of the poem is unfortunately disfigured with conceits; one of which is associated in our memory with a similar puerility into which it tempted Handel. In the music to the line,

Depth of pains and height of passion,

he has put *deep* notes to the word *depth*, and *high* notes to the word *height*, as if there were analogy to depth or height in either case, and the terms might not have been convertible, — depth of passion and height of pain. But we wish to speak of these slips of great men without irreverence.

St Cecilia (Sir Walter Scott tells us) was, according to her legend, a Roman virgin of rank, who flourished during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. She was a Christian, and by her purity of life, and constant employment in the praises of her Maker, while yet on earth, obtained intercourse with an angel. Being married to Valerianus, a Pagan, she not only prevailed upon him to abstain from using any familiarity with her person, but converted him and his brother to Christianity. They were all martyrs for the faith in the reign of Septimius Severus. Chaucer has celebrated this legend in 'The Second Nonne's Tale,' which is almost a literal translation from the 'Golden Legend' of Jacobus Januensis. As all professions and fraternities, in ancient times, made choice of a tutelar saint, Cecilia was elected the protectress of music and musicians. It was even believed that she had invented the organ, although no good authority can be discovered for such an assertion. Her festival was celebrated from an early period by those of the profession over whom she presided.

The revival of letters with the Restoration was attended with a similar resuscitation of the musical art; but the formation of a Musical Society for the annual commemoration of St Cecilia's day did not take place till 1680. An ode, written for the occasion, was set to music by the most able professor, and rehearsed before the society and their stewards upon the 22d November, the day dedicated to the patroness. The first effusions of this kind are miserable enough. Mr Malone has preserved a few verses of an ode, by an anonymous author, in 1683; that of 1684 was furnished by Oldham, whom our author has commemorated by an elegy; that of 1685 was written by Nahum Tate, and is given by Mr Malone, vol. I. p. 274. There was no performance in 1686; and, in 1687, Dryden furnished the following ode, which was set to music by Draghi, an eminent Italian composer. Of the annual festival, Motteux gives the following account:—

The 22d of November, being St Cecilia's day, is observed throughout all Europe by the lovers of music. In Italy, Germany, France, and other countries, prizes are distributed on that day, in some of the most considerable towns, to such as make the best anthem in her praise. On that day, or the next (when it falls on a Sunday), most of the lovers of music, whereof many are persons of the first rank, meet at Stationers' Hall, in London, not through a principle of superstition, but to propagate the advancement of that divine science. A splendid entertainment is provided, and before it there is always a performance of music, by the best voices and hands in town; the words, which are always in the patroness's praise, are set by some of the greatest masters. This year (1691) Dr John Blow, that famous musician, composed the music; and Mr D'Urfey, whose skill in things of that nature is well known, made the words. Six stewards are chosen for each ensuing year, four of which are either persons of quality or gentlemen of note, and the two last either gentlemen of his Majesty's music, or some of the chief masters in town. This feast is one of the genteel in the world; there are no formalities nor gatherings as at others, and the appearance there is always very splendid. Whilst the company is at table, the haut boys and trumpets play successively."

The merit of the following ode has been so completely lost in 'Alexander's Feast,' that few readers give themselves even the trouble of attending to it. Yet the first stanza has exquisite merit; and although the power of music is announced in those which follow, in a manner more abstracted and general, and therefore less striking than when its influence upon Alexander and his chiefs is placed before our eyes, it is perhaps only our intimate acquaintance with the second ode that leads us to undervalue the first, although containing the original ideas so exquisitely brought out and embodied in 'Alexander's Feast.'

A SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1637.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason* closing full in man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell!
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

* The diapason, with musicians, is a chord including all notes. Perhaps Dryden remembered Spenser's allegorical description of the human figure and faculties:—

"The frame thereof seem'd partly circular,
And part triangular; O, work divine!
These two, the first and last, propitious are;
The one imperfect, mortal feminine;
The other immortal, perfect masculine;
And 'twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heaven's place;
All which compacted made a goodly diapase."

Fairy Queen, book II. canto ix. stanza 22.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher,
When to her organ's vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant should devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XLV.—HISTORY OF THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGES.

WE take this from the *Ladies' Pocket Magazine* for the year 1825, a neat little publication with good things in it. We seem as if we had read the story twenty times over elsewhere; but it is one of those, whose frightful truth must always bring it into collections of stories like the present. The offending parties, by the outrageous violence of their passions, and the desperate defiance of daylight and witnesses by one of them, were most likely madmen; at least, had an unhealthy or exaggerated organization amounting to madness. The author has attributed something of coquetry to the Marchioness, and added that it was "no doubt innocent." But any coquetry, however pardonable to the vanity of youth and beauty, is a very dangerous thing, and likely to bring heavy sorrows on the light shoulders that think it an ornament, especially if the heart be good, and capable of ultimate reflection. The poor Marchioness, by her affecting endeavours to secure her husband's life, appears to have been a woman of great natural tenderness and conscientiousness, and probably thought the endeavours incumbent upon her, out of remorse for that very coquetry.

This lady, whose misfortunes have served the subject of romances, poems, and melodramas, was born at Avignon, in the year 1636. Nature and fortune seemed to have united to load her with their favours in her early life, only that she might feel more acutely the horrors of her subsequent fate. When she was little more than thirteen she was married to the Marquis de Castellane, a grandson of the Duke of Villars. On her being introduced at Versailles, Louis XIV, who was then very young, distinguished her amidst the crowd of beauties which embellished the most brilliant court in Europe. The exquisite loveliness of the Marchioness, the illustrious family of her husband, the immense fortune which she had brought him, and the kind attention with which she had been honoured by the King, all conspired to render her the fashion, and she was soon known in Paris by no other appellation than that of the beautiful Provençal. Her first ties were soon broken. The Marquis de Castellane, who was in the naval service, perished by shipwreck on the coast of Sicily. The Marchioness, a blooming widow, rich, and without children, quickly saw all the most splendid youths of the court flocking around her, and suing for her hand. Her unpropitious star destined her to give the preference to the youthful Lanède, Marquis de Ganges. She was united to him in the month of July, 1658. Two months after the celebration of the marriage, the Marquis took his wife to Avignon. Their bliss during the first year of their union was uninterrupted. The Marquis de Ganges had two brothers, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges. Both were so deeply smitten with the charms of their sister-in-law, that

St Cecilia is said to have invented the organ, though it is not known when or how she came by this credit. Chaucer introduces her as performing upon that instrument:—

"And while that the organes maden melodie,
To God alone thus in her heart sung she."

The descent of the angel we have already mentioned. She thus announces this celestial attendant to her husband:—

"I have an angel which that loveth me;
That with great love, when so I wake or slepe,
Is ready aye my body for to kepe."

The Second Nonne's Tale.

they instantly became enamoured of her. At the expiration of two or three years, some differences arose between the married couple: on the one side, too strong a tendency to dissipation, and on the other, a little coquetry, which, no doubt, was entirely innocent, occasioned this slight disagreement. The Abbé, who was naturally of an intriguing disposition, exasperated and reconciled the husband and wife, just as it suited his purposes. As his sister-in-law made him her confidant, he hoped that he should ultimately render her favourable to his passion; but, as soon as he disclosed it, his love was disdainfully rejected. With the same pretensions, the Chevalier made the same attempt, and was just as badly received. Not being able to succeed, the two brothers mutually confided to each other their criminal wishes, and, blending together both their resentments, they agreed to take joint vengeance. From that period they sought the means of getting rid of their sister-in-law. Poison was administered to the Marchioness in milk-chocolate; but, whether it was the poison, being put in with a trembling hand, was not sufficient in quantity, or that the milk blunted the effect of it, she sustained but little injury from it. The crime, however, did not pass undiscovered. To put a stop to the rumours on this subject, which were current in the city, the Marquis proposed to his wife to spend the autumn on his estate of Ganges. The Marchioness consented, which seems rather extraordinary; but in human events there are always some circumstances which are inexplicable. It appears that the Marchioness had forebodings of her fate; for in a letter to her mother, dated from the castle of Ganges, she declared that she could not traverse the gloomy avenues of that melancholy residence without a feeling of terror. Her husband, who had accompanied her thither, left her with his two brothers, and returned to Avignon. Not long before her quitting that city, the Marchioness had come into possession of a considerable inheritance; and it is a fact that proves that she suspected the family into which she had entered, and perhaps even her husband, that she made a will at Avignon, by which, in case of her death, she conferred her property, till her children were of age, to Madame de Rossan, her mother. This will became the pretext of an inveterate persecution of the Marchioness by her brothers-in-law. They so strongly and perseveringly pressed her to revoke it, that she was at last weak enough to consent. They had no sooner carried their point, than they made a second attempt to poison her, but with no better success than before. The monsters had, however, gone too far to allow of their receding. Being one day obliged to keep her bed by indisposition, the marchioness saw her brothers-in-law enter the room. In one hand the Abbé had a pistol, and in the other a glass of poison: the Chevalier had a drawn sword under his arm. You must die, madam, said the Abbé; choose whether by pistol, sword, or poison. The marchioness, in a state bordering on distraction, could not believe her senses: she sprang out of bed, threw herself at the feet of her brothers, and asked what crime she had committed. Choose! was the only answer which the assassins made. Seeing that there was no hope of assistance, the unfortunate lady took the glass which the Abbé presented to her, and swallowed the contents, while he held the pistol to her breast. This horrible scene being finished, the monsters retired, and locked the victim into the room, promising to send to her a confessor, the spiritual aid of whom she had requested as a last favour. She was now alone; her first thought was to escape; her next was to try various means of removing from her stomach the poison which she had been forced to take: in the latter she partly succeeded by putting one of the locks of her hair down her throat. Then, half-naked, she threw herself into the court-yard, though the window was nearly eight yards from the ground. But how was she to escape from her murderers, who would speedily be aware of her flight, and were masters of all the outlets from the castle? The unfortunate marchioness implored the compassion of one of the servants, who let her out into the fields through a stable door. She was quickly pursued by the Abbé and Chevalier, who represented her as a mad woman to a farmer, in whose house she had taken refuge. It was here that the crime was to be consummated. The Chevalier, who hitherto had appeared less ferocious than his brother, followed her from room to room, and having come up with her in a remote apartment, the villain gave her two stabs in the breast, and five in the back, at the moment that she was trying to get away. The blows were so violent that the sword was broken, and part of it remained in the shoulder. The cries of the miserable lady brought the neighbours to the place, and the Abbé, who had staid at the door to prevent any help from coming to her, entered the house with the crowd. Enraged to see that the marchioness was not yet dead, he presented his pistol to her breast, but it missed fire. The spectators, who had hitherto been terrified, now rushed to seize the Abbé; but by dint of hard struggles he effected his escape. Madame de Ganges lived nineteen days after this event, and did not expire till she had publicly implored the divine mercy for her assassins. On her body being opened, the bowels were found to be corroded by the effect

of the poison. Her husband was present during her last moments. There were very strong presumptions against him; but the marchioness, still compassionate amidst the severest sufferings, did all that lay in her power to clear him from suspicion. The parliament of Toulouse lost no time in instituting judicial proceedings against the criminals, and by a decree which was issued on the 21st of August, 1667, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges were outlawed, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. After having had his property confiscated, and been degraded from the rank of nobility, the marquis was condemned to perpetual banishment by the same decree. The Chevalier found shelter in Malta, and was subsequently killed in an engagement with the Turks. As to the Abbé, he sought an asylum in Holland, and there, under a fictitious name, he passed through a variety of adventures, which might furnish the subject of a romance. It is much to be regretted that two such execrable wretches should have escaped the punishment which was so justly awarded to them by the parliament of Toulouse.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

BALZAC.

In selecting, from our best storehouse, the Romance of Real Life in our last number, we met with the following entertaining account of Balzac, who, as a brother wit and dandy of the writer whom we gave some specimens of in No. 32, we thought would fitly come after him. Balzac was given to more real solemnity in his pomp than Voiture; but, like him, had real talents, and occasionally exhibits considerable grace and pleasantry. He partook with him the afflicting consequences of celebrity as a letter-writer, having at last such a load of correspondence, in answering which he felt himself bound to be witty, that he laboured, in a double sense, under the fatigue of his agreeableness. It was the fashion, at one time, for every gentleman in France, who aspired to be thought a man of taste, to write a letter to Balzac on purpose to get an answer, which he might show about. Notwithstanding the cruel turn of his bigotry, the result of bad breeding in matters of religion, our author was an honest man; and directed himself, in his will, to be buried "at the feet of the poor" in Angoulême, to the hospital and Capuchin convent of which city he was a generous benefactor.

Balzac (says the authority before-mentioned) was a French writer in the early part of the seventeenth century, the friend of Voiture, the favourite and correspondent of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duke d'Espèron, and Cardinal de la Villedieu: as a public agent of the last, he resided at Rome in 1621, and part of the following year.

After making allowances for constitutional vanity, extravagance, and the *faux-brillant*, it cannot be denied that his letters contain many fine turns and witty passages; but, notwithstanding the assertions of his preface writer, Motte-Aigron (Troyes, 1634, 12mo. excellent type), the idea of publication was evidently uppermost in the mind of Balzac, at the moment he wrote; he is perpetually on the look-out for good things, and exhibits in every page strong proofs of literary labour, and the toil of invention.

It is to be lamented that so agreeable a writer, and so pleasant a man, should have imbibed the religious prejudices of the times and the intolerant spirit of his patrons; he joins heartily in the cry of persecution, and echoes the court cants against the Hugonots. In his fifteenth letter to the Duke d'Espèron, there occurs on this subject a piece of Jesuitism unworthy of a literary character and an honest man.

"The fall of heresy is decreed by heaven as certain as the day of judgment, and to oppose its suppression is to resist the will of God. It cannot be very difficult for a great Prince to find or to make them guilty; indeed, every species of deception is justifiable if it ultimately tends to the everlasting happiness of those we deceive."

"Do we ask a madman whether he chooses a straight-waistcoat? Would a father, who saw his son sinking in a rapid stream, suffer him to be drowned, rather than drag him out by the hair of his head?"

A sentiment of Balzac's, which follows this curious doctrine in the same letter, will be its best refutation: "No consideration can alter the nature of things; no circumstance or situation can make proper that which is of itself base and unjust."

In his twentieth letter, written from Rome to the Cardinal de la Villedieu, he acknowledges the receipt of a remittance, and proceeds to inform his Eminence of the manner in which he means to spend it. On this subject he writes as if he understood and valued the luxuries he describes; but the lively Frenchman cannot suppress extravagant hyperbole.

"In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat; four servants constantly fan my apartments; they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea."

"My wine is plunged into snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street, but in a coach."

"Other people are content with scenting flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfumes than Arabia Felix, and I am so lavish of rose water and essence of jessamine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbours, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar: these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet."

He concludes with an acknowledgment, which is, in fact, though undesignedly, a severe satire on himself, or his patron, for paying his man so extravagantly for being idle; "these are the whole of the services I perform; such are the duties of my office."

His twenty-first letter, written in the following December, may be considered as a practical sermon on the passage I have recited; it was written during a severe fit of the gout, probably produced by his luxurious indolence.

After comparing this cruel disease to the wild beasts of Africa and the monsters of the deep, he proceeds to describe, with his usual vivacity, the weak state it had reduced him to:—"I am now become so valiant and courageous, that if a troop of horse pursued me, I would not run away; and so proud, that if his Holiness the Pope made me a visit, I should not wait on him to the door."

Persons better acquainted with the history of that period than the editor of this collection, will probably discover who it is that Balzac describes in the following words: "The loveliest Princess in Italy is married, is doomed to pass her days, and, alas, her nights, with a brute! Judge only of his person: he has a bull's neck, a face so overcharged with blood, that you expect him to sink down every moment in an apoplexy; teeth so black, that it would be as easy to whiten an Ethiopian; a nose and a stomach of so enormous a projection, &c. &c. In short, his supposing it possible for a pretty woman to love him, is a sin against nature and common sense."

The following is a brief but well drawn sketch of some eminent Italian personage, I suspect of the Pope himself.

"There has not been since the death of Nero, a Prince who has made a better buffoon; he composes verses and sets them to music, with the dexterity and skill of a master, he recites Ariosto with impressive correctness, and possesses a just taste in painting, sculpture, and *virtù*; in a word, he excels in every art, science, and trade, except his own: a thousand crowns a year has lately been given to an author who presented a learned and elaborate dissertation, in which he endeavours to prove that his generous patron is lineally descended from Julius Caesar."

Balzac then proceeds, with the entertaining proximity of a Frenchman, to describe the house in which he resides. "It is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar rays cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerably handsome."

"The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle doves and pheasants; wherever I walk, I tread upon tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer in a comparison with their Italian friends."

A truce at that time signed with the Hugonots, occasioned the loyal and religious zeal of Balzac again to burst forth. "I will not take the liberty," he observes, "to anticipate his Majesty's gracious intentions, but he may rest assured that nothing can ever soften the heart, or change the disposition of an heretic; however he may be flattered or soothed, and whatever he may say or swear, a Hugonot will always be rebellious against a Catholic sovereign."

"From the first rise of the heterodox opinions, to the present hour, they have always more or less defied the constituted authorities of every country in which they have resided; the cautionary towns are the focus of sedition and rebellion. Let us only suppose for the sake of argument that the king's subjects of the true religion were in a similar way to demand fortresses and towns, and, in proportion to their numbers?—little more would remain for our master to reign over, than his palaces, and royal demesnes."

In his forty-second letter, written at Rome, during the disturbance and intrigues which agitated the College of Cardinals previous to the election of Alexander Ludoviro, who afterwards assumed the Papal title of Gregory the Fifteenth, our author is satirical, lively, and pleasant;—these are his words.

"Listen, and I will relate strange things; one of the candidates for the tripal crown keeps in constant pay six astrologers to consult the stars on the probability of his success; another takes money of two

parties and coolly votes for a third; others are suddenly afflicted with the most dangerous complaints, and can scarcely rise from their chairs in the hope of being chosen, on the probability of another election speedily taking place; it is often found, that a cardinal of a puny constitution, sinking under age and infirmity, makes a robust and long-lived Pope; in short, I see on every sidesimony, fraud, simulation and dissimulation; good faith, moral purity, disinterestedness, and simplicity of heart, are altogether banished from the conclave.

The forty-ninth letter is written to his mistress, during a severe indisposition, and under the irritating impressions of jealousy. On this occasion, he gives utterance to the violence of his rage till he fancies his rant is sublime. "If my hand wielded but for one hour the thunderbolt of Jove," says the outrageous lover, "not a palace or a tower should stand intire on the surface of the globe."

THE DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK FOR 1835.

We take shame to ourselves for not having given a more instant notice of this Christmas and New Year periodical (a handsome present for the season), full of Miss Landon's poetry and of beautiful plates; but we hoped to write a longer article in reference to some feelings which have been touchingly expressed by the fair contributor of the letter-press; and as we cannot do this forthwith, we must delay our notice no longer. We rejoice to see, in this year's book, that Miss Landon has given signs of a resolution to turn her poetical faculty to its best and most poetical account,—that of seeing happiness wherever she can, instead of lamenting where it is not to be found. Poetry is angelical, and should strike pleasure wherever it comes. Indeed it cannot help doing so in some measure, even when it laments that there is no pleasure. Its very tones and pleasurable images refute it. But if it is content to repeat the common-places of regret, as the ground-work of its song, instead of animating hope and endeavour, it does but the more dangerously tend to keep up the useless delusions of despondency; whereas, like the sweetness of perfect womanhood itself, it should be incapable of doing us anything but service, and making us full of gratitude for joy doubled, or patience irresistible.

Among the plates are some specimens of oriental architecture (the most beautiful union of richness and grace in building), English landscapes by Mr Allom, likenesses of the two Miss Porters, Sir James Macintosh, &c., but above all, a portrait of Raphael, exquisite, and we have no doubt the genuine thing,—refined to the last degree, truly noble and self-possessed, serious, but with a world of pleurability implied in the features and expression. We shall not be easy till we have it hanging up in our study. In the following passages from Miss Landon's poetry, we have kept some verses on it till the last. The latter part of them is supposed to be addressed to the painter by his mistress, the celebrated Fornarina. These three extracts contain three excellent lessons,—on the treatment of children, on the tasks of manhood, and on the enjoyments to be derived from imagination and affection when their tasks have succeeded in refining the world.

CHILDREN.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults!
How much from our mistakes!
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes.

We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No: only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

AMELIORATION AND THE FUTURE, MAN'S NOBLE TASKS.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground:
Not in your sculptur'd rise
Is the real exercise
Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought,
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

RAPHAEL.

Ah! not for him the dull and measur'd eye,
Which colours nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
And animates with no mysterious hope.
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
Which reads no histories in a passing look,
Nor on the cheek which is the heart's own book,
Whereon it writes in rosy characters
Whate'er emotion in its silence stirs.

Such are the common people of the soul,
Of whom the stars write not in their bright scroll.
These, when the sunshine at the noontide makes
Golden confusion in the forest brakes,
See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
Which seems to fill with wild-flowers as they pass;
These from the twilight music of the fount,
Ask not its secret and its sweet account:
These never seek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dim-lit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;
They have no spiritual visitings elysian,
They dream no dreamings, and they see no vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
No: he was tempered with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables say from heaven came;
The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrow'd from its place of birth.
Hence has the lute its song, the scroll its line;
Hence stands the statue glorious as its shrine;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creation from the world within.

THE FORNARINA TO RAPHAEL.

Not without me!—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile;
Thy pencil lost its high command
Uncherish'd by my smile.
It was too dull a task for thee
To paint remember'd rays;
Thou, who wert want to gaze on me,
And colour from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine
To realize the shapes that share
Those midnight hours of thine.
Thou sometimes tell'st me, how in sleep
What lovely phantoms seem;
I hear thee name them, and I weep,
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou did'st pine for me, my love,
Aside thy colours thrown;
'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above
Unanswer'd by my own:
Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impression'd dyes,
Its colour and its grace.

Ah! let me linger at thy side,
And sing some sweet old song;
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourselves belong.
The love whose light thy colours give,
Is kindled at the heart,
And who shall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part?

Cloth of Silander.—La Calprenede having got a good sum by a romance, bought a very rich suit of clothes; and an acquaintance asking him of what stuff his clothes were? he replied, "They are Silander;" which was the title of the piece which had procured him the money.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CHOOSING A DWELLING-HOUSE

BY L. J. KENT, ESQ. ARCHITECT.

[From the 'Architectural Magazine,' a new monthly publication, discussing everything connected with house and homestead, and conducted with his usual industry, precision, and ability, by Mr London.]

Sir,—There are few persons, whatever may be their rank in society, who have not occasion, at some period or other of their lives, to make choice of a house. Perhaps I should not be far wrong were I to say that this duty has to be performed, by most men several times. How much of health, comfort, economy in living, and respectability of appearance depends on the choice made, few people, I believe, are aware; and still fewer have an idea of the seemingly trifling, and, I may almost say, invisible circumstances, on which the comfort of a house sometimes depends. Before entering on the details of my subject, I shall just mention one of the seemingly trifling circumstances alluded to.

Suppose a new house, most substantially built, and in every apparent circumstance eligible either for purchase or occupation, and that the intended occupier or purchaser has completed his bargain, without examining the subsoil, and the manner in which the foundation walls are built. On the supposition that the subsoil is dry, all will be very well, and the house will turn out what it appears to be. But supposing, on the other hand, that the subsoil should be a clay, or a stratum of moist gravel, or moist soil of any kind, and that the foundation walls should have been built with spongy bricks and bad mortar, and not with good hard brick or Roman cement; the consequence of this will be, that the kitchen and other apartments on the ground floor will appear dry and comfortable for a year, or perhaps longer; but after this, from the bottoms of the walls acting like sponges in absorbing moisture from the soil, the damp will rise up through them more and more every year, till, at last, it will reach 6 ft. or 8 ft. above the exterior surface of the ground. I could refer to a house, in all other respects most substantially and judiciously built, and surrounded by dry areas as deep as the footing of the walls, but on a clayey soil, and without cement being used in the foundations, in which the damp, in the course of eight years, has risen as high as the parlour floor; and the family occupying the house are now quite surprised at finding their furniture becoming mouldy there, after having been for years without experiencing anything of the kind. This, I think, will show the importance of using cement in the foundations of all houses placed on damp soils, and of examining the foundations under the lowest floors before taking a house, to see if this has been done. I shall now proceed to my subject.

The choice of a house will in some respects depend on the size and character of the house required, the purpose for which it is to be used, and the station in life of the party intending to occupy it. There are some things, however, common to all houses, which should be especially attended to, whether in a building intended solely for business, or in a private residence. The first points to be considered are, the nature and character of the soil on which the house is erected, and whether it is effectually drained, or is capable of being drained so as to be kept perfectly dry; for no advantages in other respects can compensate for a damp situation, both as regards health and property. A house built in a damp situation, even though the greatest care has been taken in making an artificial foundation of concrete (which has lately been done in many places), is still unwholesome; and should the materials of the foundation be of inferior quality, such as place (that is, soft half-burnt) bricks, and soft pine timber (also a common case), it will speedily decay, and be a constant and unavoidable expense. A gravelly soil is the best to build on, provided care be taken to keep out the land springs, by drains below the level of the bottom of the walls; or hard sand, if gravel cannot be found: but soft sand or clay is to be avoided if possible.

The construction of the house is a matter of serious importance to any person about to take a lease; as, by doing this, he will probably render himself liable to reinstate dilapidations, many of which may be in an incipient state when he takes possession. It is therefore quite advisable, and, indeed, is imperative on every person who is unacquainted with the nature of building, to employ a respectable architect, surveyor, or builder, to examine the strength and durability of the house he is about to engage, in order to ascertain whether it is likely to remain strong and firm for a number of years. The intended tenant should also try to discover the nature of the soil, by which he will also ascertain that of the air which he will have to breathe. In low damp situations, it is well known that the air is at all times charged with a greater degree of moisture than is the case in dry open situations. A moist air suits very few constitutions, even in our humid climate, and seldom fails to bring on rheumatism, more especially in those who cannot afford to live well and take abundance of exercise.

Another important matter to be attended to, is the thorough ventilation of houses; for should the air become stagnant from want of a free ventilation, particularly in houses that have a story underground, it is highly injurious to the persons living, and particularly sleeping, in them. There should, therefore, be windows both in the back and front, and, when possible, at the sides also. From rooms in the basement story, and cellars that have neither fire-places nor windows, there should be air-flues carried up to the open air. Care should likewise be taken that the floor in the basement story is raised above the soil, and that air is freely admitted to circulate between the soil and the floor, whether that floor is of wood or stone. Where this is properly attended to, these low rooms may be used as sleeping-rooms; but where it is not, they are by no means fit or proper for any human being to sleep in.

Stability, light and air are three grand desiderata in every house, and should be particularly attended to in the choice of one. The roof is a part of a house which should be carefully examined; for if it be badly constructed (too common a case with the houses built on speculation, both in London and the country), with narrow gutters, and those difficult of access, you may generally expect the wet to penetrate to the upper rooms after any heavy fall of snow or rain. Many of the best houses built in London are covered with lead; this is the best of covering. The next is slate, if of good quality, and with wide lead gutters, with lead flushings (strips of lead covering joints) to them, and to those parts of the walls which are carried up higher than the slating. Zinc-covered roofs seldom keep out the wet many years; and tiles in London are now rarely used, except in very inferior houses.

In your choice of a house, having satisfied yourself that the site on which it is built is healthy; the drainage good; the roof properly constructed, and free of access, not merely for the purpose of keeping out the wet, but as a safeguard and means of escape in case of fire; the next portion of the building to examine is the substance of the walls, with the materials of which they are composed. The soft, half-burnt bricks, called place-bricks by the builders, ought never to be employed in the walls of any building which it is desirable to keep dry. Whenever these bricks are found in the foundation of the party walls, the house should be rejected; and if they are seen in the outside of any of the external walls, you may expect every beating rain which falls to penetrate into them. Such walls suck in the water like a sponge, and give it out to all the interior fittings-up and finishings. Sound, hard, well-burnt bricks, called stocks, are the strongest, most durable, and best calculated to resist the weather, and keep the inside of a house dry, provided the mortar used with them is composed of fresh-burnt stone lime and sharp road grit or sand, and is well mixed. The stock bricks absorb but little moisture, and that little is soon evaporated; whereas the place or soft bricks absorb a large quantity of moisture, and allowing that to pass through them into the middle of the wall, are a long time wet; because the centre of a wall retains the moisture long after the surface is dry. It is particularly desirable, as I have before stated, for the walls of houses built on clay, or on any moist soil, to have a few courses of the brick-work above the ground laid in Roman cement.

The timber used in any building should be timber of slow growth, such as the fir of cold climates (Norway or Sweden, for example), or oak. If for work under or near the ground, the oak should be of English growth; but the American oak may be used with propriety above ground. Oak is the only timber fit for joists and sleepers (joists laid on the tops of dwarf walls) next the ground, unless the soil is particularly dry, and the floor well ventilated.

The strength of the joists and other timbers, of which the several floors are composed, is another subject of importance to every one about to take a lease of a house. If these are weak, they will necessarily shake, if the tenant allows his friends to enjoy the delightful recreation of dancing on them; and though the floors may not absolutely give way, yet I have known the ceiling and cornices of many modern houses from this cause, amongst others, very unceremoniously desert their posts, and pay their respects to the floor of the room they were intended to crown. This is an accident much to be deprecated, especially as it is very likely to happen (as it did at the house of a friend of mine) at a time of all others the most annoying, viz.: when you have friends with you, and are in the highest spirits, little anticipating such an event. The floors in houses of the first and second class of buildings, are usually pugged (filled in between the floor of one room and the ceiling of that below it, with mortar, &c.) to destroy sound, and as a security against fire. When this is not done, it is an unpardonable omission on the part of the builder, as the expence is small, and the benefit great. All the partitions of a house should, if possible, be brick walls. At all events, no timber partitions ought to be admitted in the basement or lower story of any house; nor any of the upper stories, except where, from the arrangement of the

rooms, the partitions on the upper floors cannot be placed perpendicularly over the lower partitions; even in this case, the timber partitions ought to be trussed up, so as to rest their weight upon the side walls. All timber partitions should be filled in with brick nogging. If this were universally done, and the party and other walls and partitions plastered, so as to prevent all draughts of air, it would tend more to check the progress of fire, than any other mode of construction: indeed, I think, if you were to make a fire on the floor of a room so constructed, it would burn itself out, without communicating with the timber partition; or, at all events, so little would be the tendency of the fire to spread (for want of a current of air), that a very moderate application of water would put it out. But where the floors are pugged with mortar, care must be taken that the timbers are well seasoned and dried, and not taken, as is customary, even in some of our largest buildings, wet out of the Thames, sawed, and fixed, and closed up in the building in a few weeks, reeking with wet, and exuding moisture at their extremities after the weight of the superincumbent walls is put on them. The dry rot and premature decay are the frequent consequences of this careless and ignorant mode of building.

The particular character of houses in towns is, that they are many stories high, having generally one story in the basement, wholly or partially below the surface of the ground; over this is a ground or parlour floor, a one-pair or drawing-room floor, a two-pair or best bed-room floor, and an attic floor. This is the general arrangement; but many houses have other attics, or garrets above these, in the roof. This arises from the high price of the ground in towns, and may be excusable in great thoroughfares, where shops let at a high rate; for even if the landlord were desirous of giving his tenant a wide frontage to enable him to have two rooms in front, and some space behind, it would most likely be divided by the tenant, and underlet. A serious evil, however, arises from the great landed proprietors round London allowing the ground to be divided and subdivided by speculating builders or agents, so that there is now scarcely a house built with a yard large enough to dry a few clothes in; a garden is out of the question, except in some few instances, and those are far between. This is a subject worthy of the attention of the legislature; and some restraints should be imposed on landlords, particularly as to drainage and roads. If, before a landlord could dispose of his land for building purposes, he were compelled to engage to form the roads and footpaths next to his intended houses to the satisfaction of the parish or some other authority, the sewers to the satisfaction of the commissioners of sewers, and to see that good and sufficient drains from every house were built, a penalty being incurred if any house on his estate should be inhabited before an effectual drainage were formed, it would tend very much to the health and the comfort of the middle class of society, and the poor especially.

The restraint imposed by the Building Act has, in the neighbourhood of London, tended much to produce a kind of house called a fourth-rate house; and the smallest of these are built principally for the occupation of the poor, in the suburbs of London, in inferior situations. These houses consist of two rooms; they have generally from 12 ft. to 14 ft. frontage, and are from 12 ft. to 14 ft. deep, having an access on the ground floor in front into the lower room, and steps outside at the back leading into the upper room. Three, four, or more have a yard and other conveniences in common. Dwellings of this description are rarely properly drained or ventilated, and therefore form nurseries for the cholera and all other diseases. They are usually let at from three shillings to four shillings per week each room.

There are some houses of this class presenting a very decent appearance, and occupied by respectable tradesmen and mechanics, having about 15 ft. wide in front by 25 feet deep, with a basement story, cellars and wash-house, a parlour floor of two small rooms, a drawing-room floor over, and two bed-rooms over that, which generally let for, from 25l. to 40l. a-year rent, according to the number of rooms they contain, and the conveniences they afford. The back room on the two pair floor of a house of this description is obliged, by the Building Act, to be "curbed" (contracted by being carried up into the roof) which spoils the room; and the gutters are frequently so narrow at the bottom of the curb, and they convey the water into, rather than off, the house.

The next class of town house, according to the Building Act, is the third-rate house, which is from about 17 ft. to 18 ft. wide in front, and from 28 ft. to 29 ft. deep. Houses of this class generally contain the same number of rooms as the largest size fourth-rate, with an attic story over, in addition; this story is sometimes partly in the roof, but more generally the walls are carried up to allow the rooms to be square. At the back of the parlour floor there is frequently built a small room, used as a dressing room or store room. These houses have generally two windows in the width of their front.

The next class of house, the second-rate, is of a better and larger description, and frequently pos-

sesses conveniences, that cause it to be occupied by the wealthy tradesman and gentleman of good fortune. It is usually 20 ft. or 30 ft. wide in front, by 30 ft. to 40 ft. deep, with additional rooms at the back. It can, and does in many instances, contain all the apartments required by a family keeping their carriage, footman, housekeeper, &c.; and has attached to it, or in some mews in the immediate neighbourhood, a coach-house and stable. These houses are usually built with two windows in the width of the front, but many of them have three windows in this width. The rooms are higher and better finished than in the houses of the third and fourth classes.

The first-rate class of buildings embraces all houses containing more than 900 superficial feet on the ground floor, and includes the residences of the nobility and gentry and the wealthiest class of professional men and merchants. Houses of this class may be said to be unrestricted as to size, either in height or width; the other classes are by the Building Act restricted as to dimensions in their plan, their height, and expence; though the height and expence of a house are not now taken into consideration in deciding the rate or class to which it belongs.

A new Building Act is drawn up, and approved, which, it is expected, will pass into a law next year; and it is greatly to be hoped that in this new law the absurdities of the present act will be avoided.

I. J. KENT.

Manor Place, Paddington, Nov. 16, 1833.

BURNS.

He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the mind such "a spectacle of pity and fear," as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathising loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us in general with any affection; at best, it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the "eternal melodies" is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation; we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognised it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable; but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak, his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit which might have soared, could it have but walked, soon sunk to the dust; its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul, so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest provinces, discerns a beauty and a meaning! The daisy falls not unheeded under his ploughshare, nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness on these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for it raises his thoughts to Him "that walketh on the wings of the wind." A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother-men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling! What trustful, boundless love! What generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion; but love also, and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul, and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softly brightened into a beauty which other eyes dis-

cern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel; the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of poetry and manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbores himself even to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship! And yet he was quick to learn; a man of keen vision; "before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our peasant show himself among us; a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and guaging ale barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it, found it a man's life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the wounded hare has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our Halloween had passed and re-passed in a rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus, till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl: neither was the *Holy Fair* any *Council of Trent*, or *Roman Jubilee*; but, nevertheless, *superstition*, and *hypocrisy*, and *fun* having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us, we repeat it, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

There is a true old saying, that "love furthers knowledge," but, above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing love, we have spoken already as of the grand distinction of his nature, seem equally, in word and deed, in his Life and in his Writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe is lovely in his sight; the "hoary hawthorn," the "troop of grey plover," the "solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle," and "silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war;
Or through the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk hopping bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?

Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
And close thy ee?

The tenant of the mean hut with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these. This is worth several homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy!

But fare ye weel, auld nickie-ben;
O wad ye tak a thought and men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still has a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' your den,
Even for your sake!

He did not know, probably, that Sterne had been beforehand with him. "He is the father of curses

and lies," said Dr Slop; "and is cursed and damned already." "I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby. "A poet without love, were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."—(From a masterly article in the *Edinburgh Review*, by Thomas Carlyle.)

THE SQUIRREL.

[THE signature at bottom of these verses made us call to mind, with repentance, something which we fear we insinuated on a former occasion respecting a want of sentiment on the part of our respected correspondent, the author of the Letter on English and French Ladies.—Ed.]

STANZAS ON SEEING A DEAD SQUIRREL LYING IN THE STREETS, JULY 13, 1834.

I.

I SPIED a Squirrel in a passage lone,
Her once fair polished coat besmeared with mire;
Her head was pillowed on a filthy stone,
And quench'd the full black eye's quick sparkling fire,
And fled the spirit that could never tire,
But brisk from morn till twilight-gathering night,
Bounded from brake to oak-branch, mounting higher,
And then aye deftly played her gambols light,
High rocked among the leaves and safe from man's
despite.

II.

And there, perchance, thou hadst a little nest
Scooped in the trunk, and lined with mosses dry,
Where all thy young ones lay in quiet rest,
Till summer's heat or pelting storm was by.
Oft has the stranger marked thy cautious eye
Peering from out the hole; and being come
The wished-for hour when no rude step was nigh,
Thou'dst lead thy silky little ones from home,
And teach them gamesome pranks, and 'mong the
woods to roam.

III.

Thou hadst thy little sorrows, joys, and pains,
Thy hopes in sunshine and thy fears in night:
The falcon, hovering o'er thy wooded plains,
Has wrung full oft thy bosom with affright,
And caused thee downward spring in headlong flight,
And hide thy young in some impervious bush,
Where, snugly hid from the fell harpy's sight,
They all, unconscious, harboured with the thrush,
For dangers mingle castes and common scruples hush.

IV.

And when the tyrant of the upper air
Winged slowly on and dissipated fear,
How gay ye climbed the forest branches fair,
To where the chestnuts 'twixt the foliage peer—
Bounding aloft—now farther—and now near—
While the friend thrush, companion in your woe,
Joins in the general joy with notes full clear,
And modest perched upon a lowly bough—
Thus all is mirth above, and harmony below.

V.

Mischance that mars us all, spared not e'en thee,
Thou loving atom of bright Nature's world!
Rude clambering hands invaded thy tall tree,
And ruin on thy habitation hurl'd.
Ah me! the stream still flows as then it purld,
And birds yet sing, as in thy merrier time
They sang on mossy branch that downward curl'd;
But gone art thou in summer's balmy prime,
Unmourned, unheeded all, save in my lowly rhyme.

VI.

In wired cage wast thou hereafter kept,
Which turned about, aye restless, round and round;
And not one gentle eye thy sorrows wept,
For few think Squirrels feel a mental stound,
But love their prisons as the forest ground.
Thy little ones thou ne'er didst see again,
Some died, some lived in loathsome prison bound;
And thou, their parent, languished on in pain,
Till death in mercy came, and snapp'd life's tedious
chain.

VII.

And there thou art—the beautiful, the gay,
No more. "Where be thy gambols now?"—the prank
Fantastic?—all the merriment of play
Which charmed the woodman, as on daisied bank
He wiped the toil-drops, gathering cold and dank,
And rested on his axe? The iron wheel
Of cars has crushed thee,—street-curs, thin and lank,
Have mumbled with their jaws, in search of meal—
There art thou—scorned of all—and spurned by every
heel!

VIII.

Farewell, poor Squirrel! thou hast lived thy day,
And though no greenwood tree beheld thee die,
Nor balmy breezes bore thy breath away—
Well hast thou lived, and eke right joyously,
In this mixt world of mirth and misery.
Humble my theme, and of no ancient date—
Yet, Reader! view it not with scornful eye,—
Tasks more ungrateful fall in man's estate
Than singing Squirrel's spring, or mourning her sad
fate.

OLD CRONY.

TABLE TALK.

Good Logic.—In the dedication of a piece of his, Scarron speaks in this manner to the king: "I shall endeavour to convince your majesty, that to do me a little good would be doing yourself no hurt: if you did me a little good, I should be more cheerful than I am; if I was more cheerful than I am, my comedies would be merrier; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted; if you were the more diverted, your money could not be said to be thrown away. All these conclusions hang together so naturally, that, methinks, I could not hold out against them were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature."

SELF-AID AGAINST PERTURBATION.

When our diseas'd affections
Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light."

CHAPMAN.

—The man who shrinks from investigation, lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion in his actual opinions.—Bailey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have had thoughts of doing what SCHOLASTICUS wishes.

T. F. T. appears to have an honourable and earnest nature, and no mean feeling of the tone of poetry; but two of his sonnets are not admissible in this journal on account of their polemical and political tendencies, and we are doubtful whether the third would sufficiently interest the general reader.

We will look into the book mentioned by W. D. who writes to us under a new and venerable signature.

J. A. has been merely kept out, not at all willingly, by a press of matter; and while we are writing this notice, we must express a fear that we shall be forced to omit paying our debts to other writers, J. and M. S. included, till next week. We shall take warning by this compulsion, (against which we find it impossible to guard, especially in a publication which must be squared to the printer's necessities at the eleventh hour,) and fix no more days in future for the appearance of what is delayed. It is hazardous apparent negligence to our readers, and needless responsibility to ourselves.

We hope to become better acquainted with the muse of T. C.

† R. J. understandeth dulcet benediction; but have we not seen the verses before?

Attention shall be paid forthwith to E. B. and to H. H.

W. H. M., we conceive, mistook the signature. We cannot refer to it at this moment, nor the article he speaks of; but we have a recollection of intending it for insertion, and will look for it.

Several contributions are under consideration.

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